MAGAZINE AND STORY SECTION.

The World.
"Circulation Books Open to All."
EVENING EDITION
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1908.

Have You Tried the Luxury of a $1,000 Beauty Cure?

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer

THE last word in luxury has been attained by the present apotheosis of the beauty parlors. Beauty parlor is hardly the right word. They ought to be called "Beauty Palaces" for the exterior on account of their magnificent interiors and you needn't go there unless you've got a $1,000 bill.

I dropped into one just off the avenue the other day to keep an appointment with a friend, who wrote me that she would be at "Mme. Rosalie's" all day, from 10 o'clock on.

It was a few minutes after 10 when I mounted Mme. Rosalie's handsome marble staircase overshadowed by the some lady's sumptuous palms and was ushered into the drawing-room of the Temple of Beauty. Her High Priestess, a handsome young woman, was dressing for the day's work. Her working clothes consisted of a snug-fitting princess gown of pale mauve mirror satin, trimmed with bands of pale blue velvet and very good lace around the yoke and sleeves.

This elegant personage informed me that my friend had not arrived yet, but that I could sit down and wait if I liked.

The magnificence of the place was somewhat overpowering when you realized that it was a shop. The decorations were Louis Seize in gold and white, and the chairs were upholstered in tapestry of the period which, though probably not genuine, certainly looked it. There were vases of flowers in shades of the palest yellows, tulips and frezias standing round on low tables. And everything, from the frock of the saleswoman to the shades on the electric lights, represented the latest word in the perfectures of French color combinations.

The saleswoman, who was having some trouble in giving her highly polished nails and white arms a finishing touch, issued orders to one of the many maids who were flitting about.

"Mrs. Orke will be here all day, and she will have lunch sent over from the Waldorf. There will be a party of five ladies for tea so you'll have to bring out the larger tea table. They've ordered French pastries from Henri's. Be sure that that Sevres cup is replaced that was broken yesterday. The price of it is to go on Mrs. ——'s bill."

"Are your customers in the habit of staying here all day?" I inquired of this beautiful creature.

"Oh, yes, our treatment is a very long one when the customers wish to take the entire course. Many of our customers come here early in the morning and don't go way till five or six o'clock at night, or just in time to go home and dress for dinner. They rest between treatments. I will show you the lounging room, if you like."

The vision in mauve led the way to a large room done in dull tones of green, where there were several very comfortable couches with small screens hiding one couch from the other. Before each couch there was a small table with writing materials and on a lower shelf some magazines.

"What is the price of your treatment?"

The assistant beauty specialist in her working gown of mauve satin looked at me somewhat doubtfully.

"We give no single treatment. The price of a course is from $350 to $600, according to the needs of the customer."

Just then the friend with whom I was to keep the appointment rushed in with many apologies and was ushered into a small but exquisitely appointed dressing-room, where she took off her outer clothing and put on a silk kimono.

"Don't you love Rosalie's?" said this lady of much wealth. "Of course it's most expensive. It's really an extravagance to come here, for by the time you've had your treatment and bought all the things you are expected to buy in the way of $25 face creams and $25 creams for cleansing the face at night and astringent lotions at $10, and rouges at $40, besides perfumes and sachets, and paid for luncheons from across the way and teas and tips for everybody all around, a $1,000 bill is soon gone. But the treatment is splendid. Why, I know one woman with absolute crows feet and she lost them after a course of the treatments. She said she paid $600 for the treatment, but that wasn't half of the money she had expended in the shop on other things."

Just then the mauve satin lady returned and knocked softly at the door.

"If Madam is ready, we will begin," she murmured, fastening the last button of an exquisite Valenciennes edged muslin apron which had eclipsed the splendor of her gown for the time being.

"I'm sorry, the treatments are quite secret," she objected, as I was about to follow.

"Nonsense," said my friend, "you know perfectly well it's just the ordinary kind of massage. But it's good massage and the place is so pretty we like to come."

The attendant looked inexpressibly pained that such commonplace words should be used in regard to her secret treatments, and with the air of a martyr she closed the door on my retreating form.

New Name for Them.

ONE rainy afternoon Aunt Sue was explaining the meaning of various words to her young nephew.

"Now, an heirloom, my dear means something that has been handed down from father to son," she said.

"Well," replied the boy, thoughtfully, "that's a queer name for my pants."

Our Business Girls at Luncheon

Where They Eat.

By Catherine King.

THE first sunshiny day sees the downtown business girl eating her luncheon perched on some old tombstone in Trinity or St. Paul's churchyard.

It is a strange commentary on the changing of manners and customs that the girl of to-day, toiling with the men, finds a slight comfort in kicking her feet against the sides of a tomb of some old Knickerbocker dame who would have had the vapors or the megrims at the very thought of a girl working and having no more cheerful place to lunch than on a tombstone.

But the girls who lunch in the churchyards are not worried by the spooks, and lunches taste better for the breath of sweet, fresh air.

One of the greatest stumbling blocks in the path of the business girl is the food question. Correct feeding is the most important problem for her to solve, for proper diet with proper breathing means health and success. And until she has solved this individual problem of eating wisely and well she has before her one of the nightmares of the woman who works, a disordered stomach, indigestion and all the ills that follow in its train.

Usually after the first six months the girl who has launched out into the business world for herself realizes that she is making a mistake somewhere; that the food supply she is giving her hard-working little body is not adequate; that coffee and pie for luncheon, though cheap, are not nourishing, or that an apple munched on Hamilton's grave after a hurry-up breakfast every morning is not adding to her bodily or mental comfort.

The helter-skelter, hurry-skurry breakfasts of the business girl are a sad chapter, and it is a wonder that at the very start of her career a girl is not impressed with the necessity of carefully feeding the delicate organism of wh'ch she expects so much during the day.

The manager of the girls' lunch club who was handing out coffee and sandwiches to a long line of tired-looking girls, took the time to say a few words on the subject of the "no-breakfast" plan, which has become a sort of fad with many business girls.

"Do you see those two girls over there in blue?" said the head of the club. "Those girls are typical of the anaemic, badly-fed working girls. There is no reason why they should not eat nourishing and healthy food. We have them at the same price as the other food, but anything substantial, like macaroni and cheese, for instance, doesn't appeal to them. It hasn't got taste enough, they complain. And you just saw me hand that girl out a cup of coffee, a charlotte russe and two pickles. Their stomachs are in such bad condition that only very much spiced food appeals to them, and they think they need coffee to keep them awake during the rest of the afternoon. They tell me they never take anything for breakfast but a cup of coffee. They take coffee for dinner, too. And week by week I see them getting sallower and more bloodless looking, and I am sure that when sprinx comes they will be forced to go to a doctor, who will cut off coffee first of all and put them on a sensible diet. The girls who don't eat breakfasts usually haven't energy or physical strength enough to last out to 12 or 1 o'clock. A cup of coffee is merely a nerve irritant without any nutrition at all, and half the girls in this room haven't time to take anything more in the morning. You will find, if you watch carefully, that the women who are going to make successes of themselves study the diet question very carefully after having made a few mistakes at first, and that they feed themselves just exactly as if they were high-priced and expensive machines that require oiling at regular intervals."

This view of the question is the only sensible one to take. We are first of all what we think, and then what we eat. And once we waken to the fact of the importance of correct diet for the maintenance, not only of health and looks, but of life itself the sacrifices that right feeding entails should not count for anything.

There are many famous systems of dieting. And each has its stanch supporters. Personally, I cannot think that a strictly vegetarian diet is suitable for the young girl, still growing probably, who has to toil among the disadvantages of what may be called the strenuous life. If we all lived and worked in places where fresh air and sunlight were as prevalent as gloom and bad ventilation are now we could be flourishing vegetarians, since pure air is as much a food as anything we eat. But under present-day conditions one office in a thousand is well ventilated, and I haven't seen that office yet.

To counteract the devitalizing influence of foul air and lack of light I believe that meat in moderate quantities is necessary, particularly for the growing girl and for the woman under twenty-five or thirty.

Another reason why vegetarianism is rather devitalizing is because few women vegetarians, excepting those who devote their entire life to the study of foods, combine cereals and vegetables in proper quantities to really nourish the body.

The guide for the woman who is not on a physician's diet should be the natural craving of her appetite. She should satisfy this craving, and when eating the food desired should masticate every mouthful so thoroughly that she swallows nothing but a soft pulp. If the craving for food is unnatural it will soon die out after the food taken has been thoroughly masticated, and far less will be needed to feed the system than has been usually thought adequate.

There is in every city a class of men who understand the diet question better than the dietists themselves. These men are the waiters in the first-class restaurants.

Where the dietist hands out ideas on the subject of food, the waiter hands out the food itself, and, knowing his customers, he watches the results plainly visible in the face and form. While the dietist has only the advantage of watching the results in a very few people, the waiter sees a large quantity of people feeding themselves not wisely but too well, and he also has the experience of the other waiters to fall back upon.

I have been surprised to find that almost every waiter in two or three of the big restaurants where I have inquired on the subject was the follower of some specific system of dieting. They have been forced to it through some of the various ills attending their station. Constant standing, for instance, and running about on smooth floors from early morning until very late at night is conducive to all kinds of disorders of the feet and limbs, and where there is any tendency to uric acid the waiters suffer frightfully from gout, rheumatism, &c.

One waiter who had thought considerably on the question of diet and who has had a great deal of experience with different kinds, said in regard to the business girl:

"I think that the girls whose occupations are sedentary like stenographers, for instance, clerks, &c., should eat quiet differently from those who have to stand on their feet all day, like the girls in shops. The first require a lighter and more easily digested food, fish for instance, fruits, rice and meat in small quantities. Coffee is always bad for them.

"An ideal luncheon for a girl who is at a desk six or seven hours of the day would be a broth of some kind and tomatoes and rice and tea or milk, and a sandwich.

"For the girl who stands, providing she has no trouble with her feet and no very strong trace of uric acid in the system, a stew would be a good thing with plenty of vegetables, far more vegetables than meat. Dishes that are made up with gravies and covered with sauces ought to be avoided. So ought filled vegetables. But plenty of brown bread and butter, slowly and thoroughly masticated, and nuts and raisins or figs.

"Nuts are a splendid article of diet, but they should never be eaten at the same meal with meat, nor should milk be drunk when meat is eaten, as the combination is liable to cause indigestion."

What They Eat.

Piling It On.

A CONVICT in a Western prison had been extremely refractory, and different means were tried, without success, to break his spirit. One morning the superintendent said to the warden:

"That scoundrel No. 213 is behaving worse than ever. Put him on bread and water."

"But he is already on that diet," replied the warden.

"Then keep it up and give him a cook book to read."

(To Be Co.